

# CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CONNECTICUT BAPTIST CONVENTION.

"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE CHURCHES"

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THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY,  
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CHRISTIAN SECRETARY ASSOCIATION.

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Compiled for the Christian Sentinel.

JESUS CHRIST—GOD AND MAN. HIS SUFFERINGS  
AND DEATH.

That word which was in the beginning, which then was with God, and was God, in the fullness of time being made flesh, did suffer. For the princes of this world "crucified the Lord of glory;" and "God purchased his church with his own blood." That person who was begotten of the Father before all worlds, and so was really the Lord of glory, and most truly God, took upon him the nature of man, and in that nature being still the same person which he was before, did suffer. When our Saviour fasted forty days, there was no other person hungry, than that Son of God who made the world; when he sat down weary by the well, there was no other person felt that thirst, but he who was eternally begotten of the Father, the fountain of the Deity: when he was buffeted and scourged, there was no other person sensible of those pains, than that eternal word which before all worlds was impassable: when he was crucified and died, there was no other person which gave up the Ghost, but the Son of God, and so of the same nature with him, "who only hath immortality." But the perfect probation and illustration of this truth require us to consider how, or in what he suffered. For while we prove the person suffering to be God, we may seem to deny the passion, of which the perfection of the Godhead is incapable. The divine nature is of infinite and eternal happiness, never to be disturbed by the least degree of infelicity, and therefore subject to no sense of misery. Wherefore while we profess that the Son of God did suffer for us, we must so far explain our assertion, as to deny that the divine nature of our Saviour suffered. For as the divine nature of the Son is common to the Father and the Spirit, if that had been the subject of his passion, then must the Father and the Spirit have suffered. Wherefore as we ascribe the passion to the Son alone, so must we attribute it to that nature which is his alone, that is, the human; and then neither the Father nor the Spirit will appear to suffer, because neither the Father nor the Spirit, but the Son alone, is man, and so capable of suffering.

Whereas then the humanity of Christ consisted of a soul and body, these were the proper subjects of his passion; nor could he suffer any thing, but in both or either of these two. For as the "Word was made flesh," though the Word was never made, (as being in the beginning God,) but the flesh, that is, the humanity, was made, and the Word assuming became flesh; so saith St. Peter, "Christ suffered for us in the flesh," in that nature of man which he took upon him; and so God the Son did suffer, not in that nature in which he was begotten of the Father before all worlds, but in that flesh which he assumed by incarnation. For he was "put to death in the flesh, but quickened in the Spirit;" suffered in the weakness of his humanity, but rose by the power of his Divinity. As he "was made of the seed of David, according to the flesh," in the language of St. Paul; so was he "put to death in the flesh," in the language of St. Peter;—and as he was "declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness;" so was he "quickened by the Spirit." Thus the proper subject and recipient of our Saviour's passion which he underwent for us, was that nature which he took from us.

Far be it from us therefore to think, that the Deity, which is immutable, could suffer, which only hath immortality, could die. The conjunction with humanity could put no imperfection upon the Divinity; nor can that infinite nature by any external acquisition be any way changed in its intrinsical and essential perfections. It is admitted that the Godhead cannot suffer, and we do not pretend to explain the kind of support which the human nature derived, under its sufferings, from the Divine, or the manner in which the two were united. But from the uniform language of scripture, which magnifies the love of God in giving his only begotten Son, which speaks in the highest terms of the preciousness of the blood of Christ, which represents him as coming, in the body that was prepared for him, to do that which sacrifice and burnt offering could not do: from all this we infer, that there was a value, a merit in the sufferings of this person, superior to that which belonged to the sufferings of any other; and as the same scriptures intimate, in numberless places, the strictest union between the Divine and human nature of Christ, by applying to him promiscuously the actions which belong to each nature, we hold that it is impossible for us to separate, in our imagination, this peculiar value which they affix to his sufferings, from the peculiar dignity of his Person.

As our Saviour took upon him both parts of the nature of man, so he suffered in them both, that he might be a Saviour of the whole. In what sense the soul is capable of suffering, in that he was subject to animal passion. Evil apprehended to come tormented his soul with fear, which was truly in him in respect of what he was to suffer, as hope in reference to the recompence of a reward to come after and for his sufferings. Evil apprehended at present tormented the same with sadness, sorrow, and anguish of mind. So that he was truly represented to us by the prophet, as a "man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" and the proper subject of that grief he hath fully expressed, who alone felt it, saying unto his disciples, "My soul

is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." The Evangelists have in such language expressed his agony, as cannot but raise in us the highest admiration at the bitterness of that passion. "He began to be sorrowful," saith St. Matthew; "He began to be sore amazed," saith St. Mark; "and to be very heavy," say both: and yet these words in our translation come far short of the original expression, which render him suddenly, upon a present and immediate apprehension, possessed with fear, horror, and amazement, encompassed with grief, and overwhelmed with sorrow, pressed down with consternation and dejection of mind, and tormented with anxiety and disquietude of spirit.

This he first expressed to his disciples, saying, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful;" and lest they should not fully apprehend the excess, adding, "even unto death," as if the pains of death had already encompassed him, and, as the Psalmist speaks, "the pains of hell had got hold upon him." He "went but a little farther" before he expressed the same to his Father falling on his face and praying, even with "strong crying and tears, unto him that was able to save him from death." Nor were his cries or tears sufficient evidences of his inward sufferings, nor could the sorrows of his breast be poured forth either at his lips or eyes; the innumerable pores of all his body must give a passage to more lively representations of the bitter anguish of his soul; and therefore while he "prayed more earnestly," in that agony "his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." As the Psalmist had before declared "I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax, it is melted in the midst of my bowels." The heart of our Saviour was as it were melted with fear and astonishment, and all the parts of his body at the same time inflamed with anguish and agony; well then might that melting produce a sweat, and that inflamed and ravished blood force a passage through the numerous pores.

And as the Evangelists' expression, so the occasion of the grief, will manifest the height and bitterness thereof: for God "laid on his own Son the iniquities of us all;" and as we are obliged to be sorry for our particular sins, so was he "grieved for the sins of us all." If then we consider the perfection and latitude of his knowledge; he understood the sins of men for which he suffered, all the evil and the guilt, all the offence against the majesty, and ingratitude against the goodness of God, which was contained in all those sins. If we look upon his relation to the sons of men; he loved them all far more than they did themselves, he knew those sins were of themselves sufficient to bring eternal destruction on their souls and bodies; he considered them whom he so much loved, as lying under the wrath of God, whom he so truly worshipped. If we reflect upon those graces which were without measure diffused through his soul, and caused him with the greatest habitual detestation to abhor all sin; if we consider all these circumstances, we cannot wonder at that grief and sorrow. For if the true contrition of one single sinner, bleeding under the sting of the Law only for his own iniquities, all which notwithstanding he knew not, cannot be performed without great bitterness of sorrow and remorse; what bounds can we set unto that grief, what measures to that anguish, which proceedeth from a full apprehension of all the transgressions of so many millions of sinners!

Add unto all these present apprehensions, the immediate hand of God pressing upon him all this load, laying on his shoulders at once a heap of all the sorrows which can happen to any of the saints of God; that he "being touched with the feelings of our infirmities" might become a "merciful high priest, able and willing to succor them that are tempted." Thus we may "behold that Christ is truly crucified." Two things are most observable in death by the cross: the cruelty and the ignominy of the punishment; for of all the Roman ways of execution, it was most painful and most shameful. The men who made this declaration, to that punishment, they crucified him. And that he was truly fastened to the cross, appears by the satisfaction given to doubting Thomas, who said, "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, I will not believe;" and our Saviour said unto him, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands;" whereby he satisfied the apostle, that he was the Christ; and us, that the Christ was truly crucified. Two things are most observable in death by the cross: the cruelty and the ignominy of the punishment; for of all the Roman ways of execution, it was most painful and most shameful. The men who made this declaration, to that punishment, they crucified him. And that he was truly fastened to the cross, appears by the satisfaction given to doubting Thomas, who said, "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, I will not believe;" and our Saviour said unto him, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands;" whereby he satisfied the apostle, that he was the Christ; and us, that the Christ was truly crucified.

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Christ died for us," and "for the joys set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame;" disregarding every circumstance of public indignity and infamy with which such a death was loaded. It was from the idea they connected with such a death, that the Greeks treated the apostles with contempt and pity for publicly embarking in the cause of a person who had been brought to this reproachful and dishonorable death by his own countrymen. The preaching of the cross was to them foolishness, I Cor. 1:23: the heathens looked upon the attachment of the primitive christians to a religion, whose publisher had come to such an end, as an undoubted proof of their utter ruin, that they were destroying their interest, comfort and happiness, by adopting such a system, founded on such a dishonorable circumstance. The same inherent scandal and ignominy, had crucifixion in the estimation of the Jews. They indeed annexed more complicated wretchedness to it, for they esteemed the miscreant who was adjudged to such an end not only to be abandoned of men but forsaken of God. He that is hanged, says the law, is accursed of God, Deut. xxi. 23. Hence St. Paul, representing to the Galatians the gravity of Jesus, who released us from that curse to which the law of Moses devoted us, by being made a curse for us, by submitting to be treated for our sakes as an execrable malefactor, to show the horror of such a death as Christ voluntarily endured, adds, "It is written in the law, Cursed is every one that is hanged on a tree"—Gal. iii. 13.\*

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ASHURN.

\*Pearson on the Creed.

## THOUGHTS ON SLAVERY.

On Monday evening, the Rev. Mr. Gurley, Agent of the American Colonization Society, delivered a lecture on the Slavery of the colored population in the United States. He considered it as a great evil, injurious to our whole country, and that "perpetual" Slavery could not be justified. He said that the slaves in our Southern States were in a most degraded state, unable to provide for themselves should they be speedily emancipated, and exceedingly ignorant. He observed that the Colonization Society exercised a moral influence in relation to this matter, in that it brought into discussion the best means of abolishing the evil from our whole country at some future indefinite period. He acknowledged, however, that the object of the Society was not to act directly on the colored population in bondage. He deprecated the exercise of any influence, either by the Society or the public generally, which should communicate to them, the knowledge of their natural rights, or an acquaintance with the principles which produced our Revolution. Such a course would in his opinion produce a greater calamity than the bondage of the two millions.

And here it seems to us, lies the worst feature in the system of slavery, because it dreads the power of education on the disengaged black. The deprivation of personal liberty is a severe calamity. Who of us innocent of crime, could brook perpetual confinement, subject to the caprice or the will of a master, however in other respects, kind and indulgent? especially if we connect with that the liability to be sold, and perhaps separated from our nearest friend and children? But fearful as even the contemplation of personal bondage is, how much more calamitous is the fettering of the mind, the shutting out the light of education? We say, and the truth is generally admitted, that the pleasures of knowledge and the illuminations of science are superior to those of sense. But if the miserable circumstances of the slave debar him from participating in this mental repast, what shall compensate him for such wretchedness? Are we told that all his physical wants are supplied?—that he has a sufficient supply of food, of clothing, and a shelter to which he may repair, when his daily task is completed? What adequate recompence is this? Nay what is this more than the reward of the beast of burthen? The ox, the horse, the ass have all this!—But shall a rational, immortal being, who has a mind capable of endless progression in knowledge and holiness, and consequent felicity, shun such a mind bound down to the groveling gratifications of the mere brute?

There is, however, a consideration of more importance yet, in which this subject ought to be viewed, and that is, the bearing which this dread of educating the slave has on the interests of his soul. Laws exist in one or more of our states against permitting any slaves to learn to read, with a penalty to be exacted of any person who shall thus teach them! This shuts them out from reading the precious Bible, containing the words of salvation. And here let us apply this restriction to our own case. Suppose a law of this nature, or a law of Congress, should enact that no parent should learn his children to read, or suffer them to be taught, under the penalty of exile from country and from home, what may we suppose would be the excitement through the whole country? Would it not at once be that of revolution, so far at least as respected the representative who voted for such an act of tyranny? And why should we not consider this matter just in the same light as if it referred to ourselves and our children? We certainly ought in all things to obey the commands of Jesus Christ. He has told us, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

Jesus Christ also suffered the ignominious death of the cross: this was the wicked design of Judas, who betrayed him to that death: it was the malicious cry of the obdurate Jews, "Crucify him, crucify him." He was actually condemned and delivered to that death by Pilate, "who gave sentence that it should be as they required;" he was given into the hands of the soldiers, the instruments commonly used in inflicting that punishment, who "led him away to crucify him." He underwent those previous pains which customarily antecede suffering as scourging and bearing the cross: for "Pilate, the immediate hand of God pressing upon him all this load, laying on his shoulders at once a heap of all the sorrows which can happen to any of the saints of God; that he "being touched with the feelings of our infirmities" might become a "merciful high priest, able and willing to succor them that are tempted." Thus we may "behold that Christ is truly crucified."

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America cannot interfere in the political state of their suffering brethren here; but there is one thing they can do, which is infinitely preferable to such interference, even were this possible—they can give them the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ—that precious remedy for the wants, oppressions, and woes of the human family. Yes, after all, brother, we have in our hands the only medicine that can cure; the only balm that can soothe their anguish and relieve their pain; the only means that can raise them to life, light, happiness, and heaven. And saith the Scripture, "Whoso hath this world's goods, and saith his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

That you may be under the direction of the great Head of the Church, and may adopt those measures, and ever do those things which are pleasing to him, is the prayer of your brother in the work of the Lord.

W. GOODELL.

*Extract of a letter from a Correspondent in Texas.*  
Jurisdiction, Nacogdoches, Prov. of Texas, 3

March 6, 1833. 3

REV. AND DEAR SIR—I received your letter of the 22d Jan. on the 23d Feb., which much rejoiced myself and many of the friends of Zion.

There are in this Jurisdiction about six hundred American families, and about three hundred Spanish, and the households destitute of the Bible are in the proportion of about nine to one. Wherefore not less than five hundred Bibles are wanted immediately toward supplying this Jurisdiction alone. In the Jurisdictions of A—, B—, L—, and the country farther in the interior, where I am also personally acquainted, there are fewer copies of the word of God in circulation than in this section. To supply them it will need three times the number, of all the kinds specified in the above list; and of the Spanish five times as many will be needed. The Spanish population contained in the Jurisdiction of B—, is 4500, of L—, 3000, and of V—, 500, making a total of 8000 souls! The American population in the same tract of country, according to the census of 1831, was 21,000—at this time perhaps 30,000, and not a Bible or a Testament to be sold in all the stores, or to be sold by any one. I am not mistaken in this country, for I have been in every neighbourhood east of Bexa to the Sabine river; and the census I received from the returns made to Col. S. H. Austin in 1831.

From the Rev. J. B. Shaw, boatmen's chaplain, Utica, New York.

Utica, May 13, 1833.

DEAR SIR.—While acting as boatmen's chaplain at this port, I have ascertained that very many of the boats that pass this place are destitute of the word of God. There are from 1200 to 1500 boats, it is estimated, that float up this long line of waters, exclusive of rafts and packets. These boats employ from 8000 to 10,000 hands, and convey from 150,000 to 175,000 emigrants and passengers. This statement however is based upon calculations of past seasons. Business increases upon this great thoroughfare, and thus new inducements for effort to benefit these multitudes are presented. Among the emigrants are numerous families from various parts of Europe, as well as from New England, crowding their way on to the vast West. My congregation, dear brother, is a numerous one, and many of them are without the bread of life. I want to supply every boat with a Bible, and every boatman with a Testament. I make my "family-its" on board.

J. B. S.

P. S. The following touching fact may be used as you think best. It occurred in Dryden, Tompkins co., New York. Mr. Beach, President of the Bible association of that town, attended our boatmen's chapel last Sabbath morning, and related the incident for our encouragement. I do not know that it has been published. "While the Bible association of D. T.— county, New York, were making exertions to supply every destitute family with a copy of the book of God, a distributor called at a house where he met with an angry repulse. The man of the house was full of "cursing and bitterness;" he would not suffer a Bible to be left at his house. 'If left any where,' said he, 'it shall be left at the barn.' 'Very well,' the distributor merrily replied, 'I do not know as I could select a better place for it: *our blessed Saviour was born in a manger.*' He went quickly to the barn, and deposited the sacred treasure in a safe place, with much prayer that it might bless even him who would not allow it to remain in his house. The man, struck at the unlooked for reply of the distributor, was led to think of his own rashness and guilt; and especially of *our Saviour's birth-place*. After two or three days, his distress became so great that he went out to the barn in search of the rejected volume. He turned to the passage which records the circumstances of the birth of the divine Redeemer, and *read and wept*, and it is hoped, repented and consecrated himself to God, through faith in Christ. The once spurned book found a place not only in his house, but its truths are received into the heart, and control the life."

In a former number of the Secretary it was mentioned that a resolution was passed in the Hudson River Association recommending the disuse of mourning apparel. The Report of the Committee to which that subject had been referred, and which accompanied the resolution, we now transfer to our columns from the Baptist Repository. The views taken of this subject by the Committee, cannot fail to commend themselves to every mind which is not superstitiously chained to the car of an expensive, useless, and unmeaning custom. A Committee to report on the state of religion in the churches, was also appointed by the Association. Their Report embraces first, a view of the state of each church, which in itself is interesting, and closes with remarks of general application. These searching and timely remarks, are of too much importance at the present moment, to remain confined to an individual paper. It were to be devoutly wished that they might not only meet the eye, but reach the heart of every Christian, and produce their desired effect. It is a happy omen, that others in different places are awaking to the same subject, though none have, in our opinion, come down upon the reader with equal clearness, eloquence, and pathos. It is for these reasons that attention is requested to the Extract from the Repository as given below. The Report on the state of religion is from the pen of Rev. W. R. Williams.

#### MOUING APPAREL.

The Committee appointed last year, to whom was referred the resolution of the church at Albany, respecting the practice of wearing Mourning Apparel, presented the following report, which was read and adopted.

The Committee to whom was referred the resolution of the First Baptist Church in Albany, relative to the discontinuance of mourning apparel, respectfully report,

That after serious consideration upon the subject, they have arrived at the conclusion that it was their duty to express their unqualified approbation of the resolution submitted by that church, and to recommend its adoption by the churches composing this body.

Your Committee approach this subject, fully apprised of the danger of cherishing a spirit of innovation, in dissenting from the long established customs of society; but they are equally convinced, that when customs, however vener-

able for their antiquity, or sanctioned by universal prevalence, are obviously useless in themselves, and injurious in their tendency, they constitute an oppressive dominion that may and should be resisted;—and such, in the opinion of your committee, is the custom of wearing fashionable mourning garments as indicative of grief.

It certainly is not commanded to our observance by any considerations of practical utility,—there is nothing in the use more than in a peculiar form of dress that is expressive of the desolation of heart consequent upon afflictive bereavements. This view of the subject is fully sustained by the fact, that a diversity of colors have been adopted by different nations for this purpose,—some have preferred to mourn in white, others in black, and it would require an ingenious casuist to assign very plausible reasons for the preference of either. If a mere display of sorrow be the object in view, it is difficult to conceive, why grief, rather than any other passion should assume a peculiar garb, or obtrude itself upon the public eye in any form of exhibition—unless indeed, pride must be gratified even in the trappings of men, and parade and display attend the mortifying monuments of the curse of sin. It is moreover to be feared, that there are cases, where the habiliments of mourning, are but the disguise of the most base and contemptible hypocrisy;—it is very possible, and perhaps not unfrequent occurrence, that it covers any thing but sadness; it is alike assumed by the vicious and the virtuous, the benevolent and the covetous; it may sometimes indicate a wounded spirit, or, the heir in his weeds of woe may be exulting in heart, that he is following to the grave the only obstacle to the gratification of his cupidity.

But inutility is not the only objection that may be urged against this custom; considerations of a more serious character, call for unequivocal expressions of disapprobation of a practice evidently unhappy, if not injurious in its tendency.—It is worthy of serious consideration, whether the Apostolic precept, "Be not conformed to the world," is not infringed, by the conformity of professing christians, to a custom unsustained by the precepts of the Saviour, or the example of the Apostles, and having nothing to recommend it, but the fashion of the world. Should this point, however, be conceded, and it be admitted that there is nothing to direct us upon this subject in the New Testament, yet the embarrassment to which it subjects an afflicted family, is a sufficient reason to induce a renunciation of the practice.—If there is ever a time when seclusion and serious reflection are desirable, it is when God visits his families in a dispensation so solemn and affecting; there is much that is revolting to a sensitive and delicate mind, in these circumstances, to be compelled to give their attention to the fitting of dresses, and the quality of goods, and the officious suggestions of friends with relation to their personal appearance.—In fine, when the body is oppressed with fatigue, wearied with unmet and affectionate attention around the bed of sickness and death, and the spirit is overwhelmed with sorrow; when the one requires rest, and the other communion with God, these impertinent interruptions are not only embarrassing, but frequently distressing in the extreme.—There is another evil inseparably connected with this custom, which should be seriously considered; its impious demands upon the often limited resources of the survivors.—Although the expenditure attending this *pride of grief*, may be of no moment to those who are abundantly "blessed in basket and in store," there is a class of the community, and not a few of "the poor of this world" who are "rich in faith" only, who have realized it to be severely oppressive; it is to be feared that in many instances, submission to the tyranny of custom, lest the invidious should exclaim against a supposed want of respect for the memory of the dead, has deprived the widow and fatherless of many of the comforts an necessity of life.

Your Committee wish to be distinctly understood as disclaiming any intention of interfering with the most perfect freedom of opinion and practice in this matter.—They contemplate it as an error which must find its corrective in the discrimination, good sense, and correct taste of their brethren: yet, impressed with the importance of the considerations to which they have briefly adverted; and persuaded that the example of Christians, and the recommendation of this body, would exert a salutary influence in removing the evil, they request leave to submit the following resolution.

B. T. WELSH, Chm.

#### REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE STATE OF RELIGION.

For the progress which the cause of Temperance has made within the borders of this Association, and throughout our land, we owe to God profound gratitude. May the work spread, till this temptation be removed from the sinner, and the foul scandal be driven from the church. Another delightful feature in the religious feelings of our age is the new sense which the church seems to have received of the accessibility of the world, and of the duty of stretching her exertions to the full measure of Saviour's commands and a Saviour's promises. For this spirit, this *desiring liberal things* we would be duly grateful, and watch, pray, and strive for its infinite increase. The Christianity of the Scriptures is not a principle of enjoyment merely, it is one of *exertion* withal; and much has been gained for its professors, when they have learned to look with desire, not only to the joys of the reaper, but to the toils of the sower, *that he that soweth and he that reaps may rejoice together*. And these efforts must be redoubled. They are yet far—very far, from the measure of our abilities and the standard of our duties.

But while with wondering thankfulness we hail the tokens of a better era, the Committee would proceed further. The trust committed to them, of reporting on the state of religion, seemed to contemplate not merely its external and mechanical manifestations, but its internal and vital growth; thus calling for a notice of the evils which may threaten to tarnish the purity of our. We deem it therefore a solemn duty to remember for ourselves, and to remind each the other of the peculiar temptations, that in an age of benevolent enterprise and activity, spring up to beset our way. One of the perils of our time would seem to be a neglect of personal religion, amid the amount of public action, which must accompany wide and systematic exertions for the benefit of others. The religion of the closet may be superseded by that of the public assembly; the besetting sin of the christian min-

istry, the temptation arising from the frequency, publicity, and regularity of its services, may become the besetting sin of the whole church. Instead of the regular and healthful glow of life obtained from that vital union with our Lord which shall send the currents of divine life through all the pulses of the soul, we may substitute the violent and convulsive agitations of a zeal not of God, and therefore soon self-exhausted as it was self-excited. Is there not reason to fear that devotional refinement is unduly neglected? Are we, like our fathers, mighty in prayer? Is our character like theirs imbued with a piety which we cannot conceal, and the world are unable to deny?

The prompt and energetic action of the age opens the way for new temptations. In the rapid and vigorous determination and action of society upon every theme, and in every task, we see renewed causes for christian watchfulness. We are called to exertion without much reflection: nothing but deep piety can meet this exigency. The public mind in our times is moving with unswayed speed and intense power.

It is an age in which decision and action promptly follow inquiry and consideration, well nigh quick as the thunderbolt waits on the gleam of the lightning. In such a period the Ark of God is naturally carried onward with a speed and vehemence which require no comparison, and perhaps not of unfrequent occurrence, that bear the holy charge. In its rapid movements it may often need to be steered. Are the hands that shall be outstretched in the sudden service, like those of Uzzah, rash and un consecrated, or are they such, by habitual watchfulness, as God requires in approaching his pure, *holy, without wrath or doubling*? Oh! if the deep and fervid piety of Baxter and Owen and Bunyan were needed in their times, when society moved deliberately, and the slow progress of events allowed time for reflection in shaping their plans, and leisure for their correction when defective, how much more intense and thorough is the spirit of devotional watchfulness demanded in an age like ours, when men, who act at all, must act speedily, and when they are hurried on by the stream of events with a swiftness which leaves little room to amend that which is erroneous, or supply that which is deficient. The characteristic energy and promptitude of social action, as it presents itself in our midst, demands an immediate and general advancement in personal holiness. We must be men deeply taught, imbued, and saturated with the Spirit—men who are wont to obtain an immediate access to our Heavenly Father, and receiving habitually speedy answers from our Heavenly Teacher, or how shall we save ourselves, and the sinners that surround us? Our follies will easily betray the cause that we love. Oh! that God would teach us this lesson! Oh! for a revival of personal holiness in the churches!

Another most fearful snare of our times is the publican an lapla, which now accompany the movements of the Church of God. Through many years she travelled in comparative obscurity; the world from their eminence did not design to regard her march, or observe but to contemn and deride. It is now far otherwise. Religion has become reputable. The path of the church is not now in the sequestered valley, through the calm and silent shades of retirement, while the fountains that glisten the lowly in heart spring fresh and bright at her feet; but, on the contrary, her course is, in these times, on a high and giddy elevation, on the arid and precipitous eminences of popular admiration. It is difficult, indeed, at such times to preserve that purity of motive, and that singleness and simplicity of intention, and above all that profound humility, which God requires to be brought to every work that he will delight to honor. Even the watchful and experienced Christian finds himself tempted to act from ostentation, or from a spirit of unfeigned rivalry; and in instead of approving him self to God, and walking in the light of his countenance, he is sunning himself in the smiles of the world, and tainting his course, so as he may best catch the eye of her admiration—Oh! for more honest of heart—for the uprooting from every bosom of that detestable pride which is abomination in the eyes of the Crucified and Holy One. Brethren, if we would be saved, we must examine ourselves, and look to it, lest our most solemn services, our largest contributions, and even our most earnest prayers, be tinged with that Pharisaical ostentation, which *has verily its reward—its portion of glory in this life*, and in the day of judgment, rebuke and exposure, *shame and everlasting contempt*. The habitual attitude of the church must become that of prayerfulness. Upon our knees we must form our plans, thus, we must apportion our gifts,—and in every devout spirit were required by the peculiar circumstances of an age, it is in our own day and land. And may the grace of God follow even these suggestions, lest it be ill with us in the end, and they succeed us: "These are the men that would do the work of God, in their own strength, and for their own purposes, and God allowed them to climb that they might fall; and here they lie, crushed and unburied, the monuments to all times of the insatiate treachery of the heart, and the certain and tremendous vengeance of God."

We need this constant resort to supplication, not only to purify our own hearts, but for the successful development and accomplishment of our various schemes of good. The Monthly Concert of Prayer for Missions will, we hope, in this light become a settled and solemn service, and be devoutly and punctually attended by all our churches. We would close by suggesting to the members of our churches the propriety of uniting with our brethren of other denominations, (as did many of our sister churches in New-England and this state, at the commencement of the present year), in the observance of the first Monday of the coming year, as a day of solemn prayer for the conversion of the world. In addition, those of our brethren, who recognize the duty, may make it also a time of religious fasting. The prayers offered up in January last were met, as many of our number may have learned, with a most gracious and immediate answer. And now would it be theirs to command the solemn and profound feeling, which the occasion demands, whilst pressing in weakness upon your hearts, the simple but the fearful truth: True religion is not mere activity, nor mere knowledge, nor mere zeal, but it is "the life of God in the soul of man." He that would commend it, must possess it himself, and its possession is secured only in the spirit of prayer—prayer fervent and untiring. The apostolic admonition was designed by omniscience for our age, and to warn us individually. "Be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer."

Bless God for what you have, and trust God for what you want.

There are some striking cases in which the most substantial evidence of real conversion is given by those who have no hope in their own case. At the last interview, if I mistake not, which I was permitted to have with that eminent servant of Christ, the late Rev. Jeremiah Hallock, whose name is often repeated in the foregoing pages, he gave me the following statement.

"During a powerful revival in Hartford, I called on Rev. Dr. Nathan Strong. While he was absent for a little time after my arrival, I fell into conversation with a young lady of his family, about the state of religion among the people, and about our own feelings of the subject. Her remarks in respect to her own heart, and the way of salvation, gave me very satisfactory evidence that she had become a subject of renewing grace, though she indulged no hope respecting herself. When Dr. Strong returned from his visits, and spoke of those concerning whom he thought there was hopeful evidence of a saving change, he mentioned this young lady in his own house, as one of the number, though she saw no ground of hope in her own experience. I told him that I had conversed with her, and did not at all regret this want of self-confidence, for I had often found it to be among the best evidences of genuine conversion. A father and his son, said I, were digging a well. The son had descended into it, to prosecute the work, when the sides of the well caved in, and covered him with timbers and rubbish. The father, after a moment of agony, cried out, 'My son, are you alive?'—'My son, are you alive?'—'No, Sir,' was the answer from beneath. It was enough; it was evidence of life which the father desired.—Now said Mr. Hallock to me,—"During my experience in religion, I have often found that a man who is but recently born of the Spirit, would often say, No, Sir, should you ask him if he is converted. And yet, I may have much better evidence of his real change, than I have of another, who has an early and confident hope."—*Boston Recorder.*

*Seaver's Prayer given to two Lads in a Paper Mill.*

In a paper manufactory at N. B.—, N. Y. says J.—, in which one of the workmen was shockingly profane, were two boys, sixteen or seventeen years of age—one an Irish orphan named Daniel, and the other James, from New Jersey. The boy caught the evil example, and seemed to vie with each other in using blasphemous language. One day I put into each of their hats the *Seaver's Prayer*. They confessed to me soon after that it was a "bad habit," but said they "could not help it, and their house secured. He accepted their request and arrived in the village about two weeks since. He immediately commenced preaching, and although the Baptist interest had become very limited, yet it appears the Lord has not forsaken it entirely. Their meetings have already become quite interesting, and are well attended. The prospect now is, that this church will secure the labors of Elder Philo or some other person whose qualification and circumstances may secure the confidence of the community and the only question to be decided in order to place this denomination on a footing equally permanent with any other in the place is, "How shall the house be paid for?" I know not what measures will be taken to relieve the church of present embarrassment, but could the state of things as they actually exist be fully known, I am persuaded that an appeal to the benevolence of community would not be made in vain. I know not that this will be done. Should it, however, let our Brethren in the East be informed that the Baptists in this section of the country have not attained their present standing without sacrifice, labor, embarrassment, opposition, and reproach. Let them reflect that this section of the state, although recently settled, and perhaps scarcely known as having taken a very active part in sending the gospel to the heathen, and in advancing the interests of other benevolent operations abroad, will ere long occupy a prominent rank amongst the followers of the faithful, and send forth an influence to gladden the hearts of many that now sit in the valley and shadow of death. Let them be assured that the disposition is not wanting, and in the midst of this delightful and fertile country, it requires but little observation to perceive, that the means for gratifying this disposition will soon be afforded.

Let them examine the local situation of Utica, possessing all the facilities, and exhibiting all the prospects of becoming one of the most wealthy and flourishing Villages of the West. Let them consider that the church is yet small and worthy of praise for what has been done, and let them remember that \$2,200 only will secure the permanency of a situation which cannot fail of rendering important all to the Baptist denomination.

Here, on the one hand, is seen, in the "high places of the sanctuary," strenuous efforts made by those from whom we might hope better things, to throw down the wall that God has built around his visible Zion, while these professed friends are found nullifying and opposing his solemn ordinance, and casting a stumbling block before the true Israel, who would fain pursue their unwavering march to Canaan. On the other hand, we see another enemy of the truth, making a still more desperate attack, nullifying and opposing the law of our King altogether, yet professing great zeal for truth, and great benevolence towards God's rebellious subjects. Blessed be God, the weapons of our warfare, though "not carnal," are nevertheless "mighty through God," to the pulling down of strong holds, the casting down of imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God." Would to God, that our Pedobaptist brethren might see, that while they cavil against the *plain and positive law* of Christ in regard to *Baptism*, they are strengthening the hands of those who would raze the whole Christian edifice to its foundation;—and are in fact opposing a truth as plainly declared in God's word, in the view of every unprejudiced mind, as any other truth of the Gospel—the common sense of the world being judge. Pedobaptist say, Christ does not require his disciples to go (*into*) the water; and Universalists say Christ will not turn the wicked (*into*) hell—that they shall not go away (*to*) into everlasting punishment.

A Builder with his sword girded by his side, to Israel's trumpeter.—*Nehemiah iv. 18.*

For the Christian Secretary.

**BAPTIST CAUSE IN ITHICA, N. Y.**

It will, I doubt not, be interesting to the friends of Zion in the East to learn, that the cause of Christ is making rapid advances in this section and peculiarly gratifying to the friends of truth that Bible-doctrine is fast usurping the dominion over the dogmas and theories of human invention.

I have within a few weeks past visited a number of towns in the southern part of New-

York, and particularly in the counties of Tompkins and Tioga; my business has been such as to afford me an opportunity of forming a general idea relative to the condition and prospects of various religious denominations. I am gratified to perceive, that notwithstanding the Baptists have labored under peculiar embarrassments, yet their cause is cheering in a high degree. In many places, the wilderness and solitude at the rose. I might mention several instances where ministers, laboring under the health, and families to support, have been instrumental under God, in building up and sustaining the interest of a number of churches, whose members begin to gladden the heritage of the time is to give some information concerning the past circumstances, present condition, and future prospects of the Baptist Church in Utica.

when the time was fixed for King Otho's departure for Greece, to Mr. Rote, the President of the Protestant upper Consistory here, requiring him to procure a field Chian, of genuine evangelical, but by no means of neological or rationalistic principles, to attend the Protestant soldiers who were destined to accompany the new King to Greece. The choice has fallen on an excellent young man, the Rev. Mr. Mayer of Bairuth. The king's Catholic confessor, the Rev. Mr. Veiniger, is well disposed towards the B. and F. Bible Society, and takes an interest in its operations. It is a remarkable circumstance that the first modern Greek Testament which I sold out of the consignment of Scriptures, that you so kindly sent to me, was purchased for King Otho!—*Boston Recorder.*

From the Christian Watchman.

#### WAYLAND'S DISCOURSES.

I have seen little said respecting this important volume, and believe it highly desirable that its circulation be encouraged. I wish to ask for it the attention of the friends of truth. A Congregational brother once said, in looking over my library, "I see very few Baptist authors here." Whether he meant this for a reproach to me, or to the denomination, I know not. But from that time I have been determined that our really meritorious authors should appear on my shelves. Volumes of sermons, I know are the least taking of all, most any productions; but these are not common sermons. If we do not avail ourselves of such labors from such brethren, we are deficient in duty to ourselves, our denomination and the cause of truth.

MILLVILLE.

The Rev. DANIEL CHEESMAN, the late Pastor of the Baptist Church in Lynn, has, we learn, resigned his charge there, and received and accepted the invitation of the Baptist Church in Barnstable to become their Pastor.

#### CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

HARTFORD, AUGUST 3, 1833.

LECTURES ON GRAMMAR.—Mr. John M. Davidson, from New York, will deliver an introductory lecture on the subject of grammar, in the Old Conference Room in Temple Street, next Tuesday evening, at half past 7. His system of grammar is new, consisting of two parts of speech—the noun and the adjective. All who attend will undoubtedly be amused and instructed.

Mr. Davidson is a gentleman who comes well recommended, and his scheme of instructing in English grammar is said to discover much ingenuity of mind; and the same may be said of his theory of the science. The object of the lecturer is to obtain a class, for instruction, on his hearers are pleased to patronize him. The lecture will be gratuitous, and, it is thought, will not fail to draw out a full assembly.

The Commencement of Rutgers' College was held at New Brunswick, N. J., on the 17th of July. The degree of A. B. was conferred on 22 young gentlemen, and the degree of A. M. on 17 persons, graduates of different colleges; and the degree of D. D. on two clergymen. The college is said to be flourishing.

On Wednesday the 24th ult. the Commencement of Union College, in Schenectady, was held. Seventy young gentlemen received in course the degree of A. B. Fourteen gentlemen, alumni of the college, received the degree of A. M. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon four clergymen, two of whom are, the Rev. B. T. Welch, D. D. and Rev. Isaac Ferris, D. D. of Albany. The honorary degree of A. B. was conferred on two gentlemen. A very distressing instance of mortality occurred on the morning of the commencement. Mr. W. Daké of Saratoga Co., member of the graduating class, went early in the morning to bathe in the Mohawk, and was drowned. This sudden death cast a gloom over the audience, and over all the exercises of the day. Mr. Daké was a fine scholar, and was to have delivered a Hebrew oration. Great consolation is derived from the testimony borne to his piety. When in the order of exercises, the oration by Mr. Daké should have been delivered, the President arose, and bore testimony to his literary and moral excellence, and announced his death. After which was sung the words, "I heard a voice say, Write blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

AS IT SHOULD BE.—The good people of Lowell are entitled to much praise for their late triumphant resistance of an attempt to open a theatre in their flourishing place. Presuming on the good natured condescension of the proper authority, a building was erected for the purpose; but the selection like stern patriots, refused a licence to the proprietors; and what is better yet, the inhabitants in full town meeting sustained the board of selectmen in their decision. Language can hardly express the importance of this act to the people, the morals and the interests of Lowell. It needs little acquaintance with men and things to predict, that had a different course been taken and a theatre been opened, the night of the first play would have been to that place, the commencement of her downfall in every thing conducive to the happiness of man,—let others say what they will.

To Andrew Jackson, President of the United States.

While President Jackson was at Providence, on his late tour, the following communication was made to him, in behalf of the colored people, who are enslaved in this land of freedom.

MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL UNION.—The eighth Annual Report of this Union has been kindly forwarded to us; and it is with pleasure that its statements have been perused. Experience must have taught every candid observer, that in a local interest at least, each denomination will accomplish most when operating in Union with itself. No reference is now had to a National Union, but in each state, harmony may be promoted to the greatest extent by those walking together who are agreed. A good degree of energy and prosperity has marked the course of our brethren in Mass. in New-England we have our meeting houses, our school-houses, our literary societies and our benevolent associations. Our sentiments and conduct, even against deep rooted prejudices, and numerous disadvantages, gain the esteem and friendship of such persons, as regard the principles of truth and justice. We will not disown our divine Creator and say that God is not the Father of our immortal spirits. We will not believe, that we and our beloved children are not human beings and are not made of the same blood, as the people of other nations and of different complexions. We cannot renounce the holy principles, which are the foundation of American liberty and independence. On these principles we present to you this communication and request and urge your attention to the condition and the injuries of our brethren and sisters and their sons and daughters, who live in the district of Columbia and in the territories of Arkansas and Florida. In these places there are twenty-six thou-

house of Mr. Hansford was struck by lightning, and Mr. Hansford, Mrs. Hansford, and Mr. Hobbs, all in separate rooms, were instantly killed. Mr. Hobbs was a student of New Hampton Seminary. The same afternoon, a more violent tempest passed over Hudson, Kinderhook, and other places on the Hudson River.—The lightning struck in many places, and some lives were lost, as well as damage sustained in buildings, trees, fences, and vegetation generally.

APPRAZ.—At Baltimore, a quarrel took place between the drivers of two lines of stages, about obtaining passengers from Steam Boat. One driver shot and wounded the other severely: five men are in jail as accomplices.

#### CHOLERA AT THE WEST.

—Accounts from all parts of the southwestern sections of the U. States, agree in the statement, that in the cities and large villages, the ravages of Cholera are subsiding, except in Cincinnati. But it is spreading into the more thinly populated parts, and small villages, and proves very fatal. On the plantation of Gen. Wade Hampton near New Orleans, on which was 1500 slaves, one half of them are said to have died. Of late the disease seems not to advance fast to the East.

#### ORDINATIONS.

At Westkill, N. Y., July 17, Rev. Isaac Moore. Sermon by Rev. A. Maclay, from Col. i. 28.

In Oneida co., Rev. Wm. Williams, from South Wales. Sermon by Rev. J. Davis, of Steuben. At Friendship, Allegany co., Rev. J. W. Lawton.

#### From the New England Daily Review.

#### COMMENCEMENT.

The Commencement of Washington College took place on Thursday last. At half past 10 o'clock, A. M., a procession, consisting of the Corporation, Officers and Students of the College, and other Gentlemen, was formed at the State House, and moved to Christ Church, where the exercises took place in the following order—

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

#### VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN.

#### MORNING PRAYER.

I. *Introductory Oration*—The decline of Poetry: by Edward Hardy, Derby.

II. *An Eulogy*—On Robert Fulton: by Robert Edwin Northam, Newport, R. I.

III. *An Oration*—The uses and abuses of the Press: by Joseph Palmer, Asford.

#### MUSIC.

IV. *A Latin Dissertation*—De scriptorum Graecorum et Romanorum studio: by George Benton, Lenox, Mass.

V. *An Oration*—Popular ignorance: by George Kellogg Osborne, Troy, N. Y.

VI. *A Poem*—The portraiture of Genius: by Clement Moore Butler, Troy, N. Y.

#### MUSIC.

VII. *An Essay*—The influence of laws without morals: by James Telfair Miller,\* Wilmington, N. C.

VIII. *A Dissertation*—Circumstances the true rule of education: by Robert Welman Nichols, New Orleans, La.

IX. *An Oration*—The influence of excessive refinement upon national prosperity: by David Hawkins Short, Derby.

#### MUSIC.

X. *Concluding Oration*—The poetry of life: by Hugh Loring Morison,† Tuscaloosa, Ala.

BY CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS.

XI. *An Oration*—The punishment of death: by Horace Bushnell Barber, A. B. East Windsor.

XII. *An Oration*—The importance of exerting a moral influence upon public opinion, inferred from the present situation of our country: by Augustus Foster Lyde, A. B. Wilmington, N. C.

#### MUSIC.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

#### PRAYER.

#### VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN.

\* Excused from speaking.

† Unusually absent and excused from speaking.

The following young Gentlemen were admitted to the degree of A. B., they constituting the Graduating Class—Edward Hardy, Robert Edwin Northam, Joseph Palmer, George Benton, George Kellogg Osborne, Clement Moore Butler, James Telfair Miller, Robert Welman Nichols, David Hawkins Short, and Hugh Loring Morison, and upon Isaac Newell Steele and Charles Richard Smith.

The degree of A. M. was conferred upon Rev. H. B. Barber, A. F. Lyde, James G. Campbell, Rev. W. Hallam, Rev. Caleb S. Ives, Rev. Isaac Smith, Rev. Levi H. Carson, Abraham Du Bois, John D. Russ, Edward Goodman, and Rev. Erastus Burr.

The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon Rev. Walter Mitchell and Rev. Stephen Jewett.

The degree of D. D. was also conferred upon Rev. G. W. Doane and Rev. Hector Humphreys.

Waterville College.—It is expected that Dr. Chaplin will receive the Presidency of Waterville College after the ensuing commencement. Dr. Chaplin may be considered the founder of the Institution, and as he is one of the first scholars in the country, the College must unavoidably sustain a great loss.—*Review.*

#### LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

While President Jackson was at Providence, on his late tour, the following communication was made to him, in behalf of the colored people, who are enslaved in this land of freedom.

To Andrew Jackson, President of the United States.

Sir,—While you are received and welcomed to the pure and healthy air of New-England, by thousands and hundreds of thousands with joyful faces and happy spirits, there is one class of people, even in these free, northern States, that stay in their humble homes with grief and sorrow; or look on the floating multitudes that crowd to see your face, with weeping eyes and heavy hearts. But it is not for ourselves, that our eyes are filled with tears and our hearts are heavy. While we see the happy cities and towns, and villages and neighborhoods of New-England, elated and delighted by the presence of the supreme magistrate of the United States, we remember the commendation which he gave to the colored soldiers, who fought with him at the famous battle of New Orleans for our native land and in defence of our common country. In New-England we have our meeting houses, our school-houses, our literary societies and our benevolent associations. Our sentiments and conduct, even against deep rooted prejudices, and numerous disadvantages, gain the esteem and friendship of such persons, as regard the principles of truth and justice. We will not disown our divine Creator and say that God is not the Father of our immortal spirits. We will not believe, that we and our beloved children are not human beings and are not made of the same blood, as the people of other nations and of different complexions. We cannot renounce the holy principles, which are the foundation of American liberty and independence. On these principles we present to you this communication and request and urge your attention to the condition and the injuries of our brethren and sisters and their sons and daughters, who live in the district of Columbia and in the territories of Arkansas and Florida. In these places there are twenty-six thou-

sand human beings, fashioned in the image of God, the fitted temples of his Holy Spirit, held by the government in the abhorrent chains of slavery. The power to emancipate them is clear. It is indisputable. It does not depend upon the twenty-five slave states in Congress. It lies with the free states. Their duty is before them; in the fear of God and not of man let them perform it.

On your present joyful visit to these free and happy States, we also trust you, Sir, not to forget the millions of our brethren and sisters, who are still held in slavery by that very country, which has professed to adopt and extol, almost sixty years, the declaration of Independence with its precious doctrines. The God of heaven and earth, the God of truth and justice and mercy will pity their sorrows and avenge their wrongs. Their tears, their wounds and their blood are before his eyes and on his heart. Can a people so honored and prospered under his holy and supreme government, while they traffic in slaves and souls of men?

As you fear God and regard man, as you love your country and would be a blessing to this great people, as you would live in honor, die in peace and find rest in heaven, despite not the woes and the sorrows of our injured and afflicted brethren and sisters, who are held in slavery in the United States of America.

On behalf of twelve hundred colored people in the city of Providence, and by a vote passed at their meeting-house on the evening of the Lord's day, 16th June, 1833—signed and presented by their committee.

HENRY MARTIN,  
ROBERT E. JONES,  
CHARLES GORHAM,  
JAMES HAZARD,  
NATHAN GILBERT.  
*Amer. Reviewer.*

#### FOREIGN.

From the New York Daily Advertiser.

#### ITALY.

Rome, May 30.—Arrests continue at Perugia, on account of the recent resistance to the magistrates. The young Marquis de Piazza and Signor Bartolucci, on their flight, were taken at Gabbo. The latter is a dismissed Lieutenant of the Pope's cavalry. They have been taken to the fortress of Civita Castellana. The Cardinal Secretary of State, Gambiaria, prohibited the wearing of all sorts of arms under severe penalties, and even of knives.

The Courier de Lyon relates that several affrays have lately taken place at Montpellier between the Republicans and the Carlists, and one on the 2d inst. became so serious that the military were obliged to use their arms, and six of the soldiers and several of the citizens were wounded during the contest, which was continued from 12 till 3 o'clock, when the ring-leaders of the parties were arrested and tranquillity restored.

The Moniteur has the following:—The Duchess of Berry and her infant embarked yesterday (Sunday) morning on board the Agathe, which is ordered by the Government to convey them from Biaye to Palermo.

The Duchess is attended by General Eugenard and Dr. Denoux. The Prince and Princess Theodore de Beaumont, and the Count de Menas, have obtained permission to accompany her.

The St. Petersburg Gazette contains a long account of the review of the Russian troops in the camp opposite Constantinople, in which it is stated that the Sultan, after having first shown himself in his own costume withered and reappeared dressed as a Cossack.

The Emperor of Russia had granted leave to the Polish officers who were prisoners of war at Viatka, to return home.

THE KING AND THE BISHOPS.—We have reason to attach credit to the statement contained in the following paragraph from Friday night's Sun:—

"It is said that his Majesty as the Head of the Church has addressed a strong letter of remonstrance, through the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the Bench of Bishops, and especially to the six or seven who distinguished themselves by their vote on the Portuguese question, relative to their conduct under the present critical circumstances of the nation, expressing his surprise that they should expose themselves to the imputation of acting from selfish and worldly motives—sacrificing all claim to the respect of the religious community and exposing the church to the danger of losing its influence, by their being ultimately driven by the power of public opinion from their seats in Parliament, if their votes, as spiritual peers, were not regulated by more discretion and attention to the signs of the times."

This is another proof of the firmness and sincerity with which the King supports his Ministers.—*Times.*

East India Trade.—A bill has passed in the House of Commons to throw open this trade to the whole nation.

MONTEVIDEO.—Extract of a letter from an American sea-captain in Montevideo, to a friend in Philadelphia.

"I am tired of this wicked place: placards are now stuck up through the streets, announcing the play that is to be acted to-morrow (Sunday) evening. What would the Christian community of the United States say, if they were to know that a dinner & ball were given on Sunday, 19th of May, 1833, on board of the American sloop of war Warren, in this harbor? Dancing continued until the ladies got sea-sick, from the motion of the ship, when the band left off playing, and the party landed at a late hour of the night. I think such conduct in our public officers, who are representatives of the nation, in foreign ports, should be properly noticed in the public prints. The English cry

"shame."—*Mercantile Jour.*

TEMPERANCE AMONG THE HOTTENTOTS.—There is at the Kat River Settlement, South Africa, a Temperance Society, consisting of no less than fourteen hundred and thirty eight members. The first annual meeting was held on the 11th of December last. Although the weather was unfavorable, about 700 persons attended; most of whom had travelled several miles, some as much as 18 miles, to take part in, or witness the proceedings. Besides the Hottentots of the settlements, there were present many Caffres, Matabeles, Umlingas, Gonaquas, and parties of other frontier tribes. All circumstances considered, it seems to have been one of the most signal exhibitions of the power of the gospel.

EXECUTION OF CLOUGH.—About twenty minutes past 1 o'clock, the prisoner arrived at the place of execution—he descended from the deerhorn without assistance, and having taken leave of several persons whom he recognized, he ascended the platform and sat down in a chair. Bishop Doane, and Mr. Wilmer, of the Episcopal Church; and Mr. Ashton, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Shepherd, of Mount Holly, of the Baptist Church; and the Methodist clergyman of Pemberton, also went upon the platform. The appropriate service was read by Bishop Doane, and a prayer was made by Mr. Wilmer. Bishop Doane then read a letter from Clough to his mother, and also the confession of the prisoner.

During the whole of these solemn performances, Clough evinced much agitation, frequently rising from his chair, moving about, wringing his hands, &c. He took a solemn and affectionate leave of the clergy who attended him, about a quarter past two o'clock. The sheriff then adjusted the rope, in which he was said to be bound by Clough. After the rope was placed over the gallows, Clough desired that it might be taken down—then measured with his arm the length of rope necessary to allow him a sufficient fall, and after some other regulations, in all of which the prisoner seemed to take an active part, his arms were pinioned, and the white cap placed on his head, and drawn over his face. In this position he stood a few minutes, when the sheriff struck down the support of the platform, and Clough was launched into eternity. A slight muscular convolution was all the movement in the body while it was suspended. In about 10 minutes after the execution, the body was taken down and placed in a coffin.

ELIZABETHTOWN, Pa. July 19.—*Beat this!*—An old maiden lady named Whitman, of Monrovia township, near this borough, in the 80th year of her age, did, a few days ago, mow and make an acre of heavy grass into hay. Well may the county of Lancaster be denominated the garden of America—when her fair

## POETRY.

From the American Tract Magazine.

## FUTURE EFFORTS.

Under this head the report vividly describes the moral wants, first of our own country, and then of pagan lands.

"I have to lament," says Dr. Judson, "the loss of the leader of the little church in this quarter, the first of the northern Karen, who, we hope, has arrived safe in heaven. I ought perhaps to except the case of a man and wife near the head of the Pa-tah river, who, though not baptized, and never seen by any foreign missionary, both died in the faith: the man enjoying it on his surviving friends to have the 'View of the Christian Religion' laid on his breast and buried with him."

— "He never saw The book of heavenly wisdom, and no saint Had told him how the sinner might be saved.

— But to his hut A little *Tract*, a messenger of love, A herald of glad tidings found its way: Borne over rapid streams, and deep blue lakes Embow'd in trees, and o'er the waving woods, Perchance upon the pinions of the breeze. At length it came. It was not like the bunch Of brittle palms on which he learn'd to read; Its letters were more nice, its texture fair; Its words—he wonder'd as he look'd on them. There was some holy love he never knew; There was a spirit breathing in each line. He felt unutterable thoughts, as now He scan'd the whole, now read each wondrous word. It told of God the Maker, and of Him Who died for man's salvation. He wept, and pray'd, and mourn'd a wretched life Of constant sin, and gave himself to God.

— The hue Of death was on his cheek. His burning brow Told of the pain he felt. Still no saint was near To tell of joys to come. No man of God Stood by his bed to soothe the final hour.

— But he had peace, "When I am dead," he said, "ye little book Upon my breast, and let it go with me Down to my sepulchre. It taught me all That I have learn'd of God, and heaven, and hell. I love the men who wrote it, and that God Who brought it to my home."

From the Messenger and Advocate.

## TIME.

No striping is Time—but of ancient stock, And many a century! Amid decay and the earthquake's shock He standeth unmoved—a giant rock In the waves of Eternity!

Time opened his mighty record book, For the months were rolling on, And a custom it was that always took A farewell glance—a parting look Before they were wholly gone.

A record hath he of the gentle year Awaking to its reign, And many a thing is treasured here 'To friendship, and to memory, dear That cannot live again.

He laid the Book on a fallen tree To scan its varied love, And one with careless glance, might see A tear of stirring sympathy As he turned those pages o'er. The first was a leaf serenely bright, No blemish or blot was there,— Nor drifited snow when the gentle light Hath jewelled its bosom of peerless white Was ever more pure or fair; A garland of flowers around—and then On either side, a dove. While just below, at the work had been The magical tint of a fairy pen,— Its motto—*Truth and Love.*

Time smiled not!—bath his soul No pulse to beat in joy? Aye, but he knew not, beyond control The billows of wasting grief must roll That vision to destroy.

Another leaf!—but gloom On the shrouded pages hung; The story of youth's untimely doom Was there, and over a marble tomb Were cypress tresses flung.

Another page!—t'was red,— For battle had pointed there His glittering axe—and severed head With its eye-ball's horrid glares!

\* \* \* \* \*

And still as he turned each newer leaf, A still voice seemed to say (From every tale of joy or grief) Our moment of life—how very brief! We live,—and then pass away.

E'en so, said Time, as he stood on high, There's none will outlive me;

I'll see the end of the earth and sky, And the myriad stars that float on high, I'll measure Eternity;

He said—but a rending trumpet blast Tore the affrighted air, And mortal men stood all aghast, While every brow was overcast With a look of wild despair.

Enrobed in a cloud of snowy white A terrible form drew nigh And—on as he came—the gloom of night Rolled back, for a more than mid-day light Flashed out from his burning eye. Then lifting his right hand high,—he stood, (While one foot pressed the shore, And one the boisterous ocean floor,) And swore by the everlasting God "That Time should be no more."

New-York, July 20, 1833. HEATH.

From the Newark Monitor.

## THE ORPHAN MUTE.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

On a beautiful sunny afternoon in June, a group of happy children set out, with light hearts and smiling faces, on a strawberry excursion.—At some distance from their little village, there was a deserted and ruinous house, around which were a few fields abounding in strawberries, the whole embosomed in woods, but near a public road. Thither the children proceeded, but had hardly entered the fields, when they were alarmed by mournful cries, which quickly caused them to huddle together in a group, like so many frightened sheep, and retreat towards the road. A consultation now took place, what course they should pursue; some were for continuing their employment in the fields farthest removed from the place whence the cries were heard, others, especially the girls, were for running home to get help. But a manly and intelligent boy of ten, insisted that it was only the cry of some child, who had been picking strawberries like themselves, and had lost itself, or perhaps got hurt; he, therefore, proposed that they should proceed towards the spot, and himself volunteered to lead the

way. A few of the boldest took courage by his example, and following, they found a little girl apparently six years old, seated on a stone, sobbing bitterly. As the party approached, she started up and fled like a wild bird. The suddenness of her flight astonished the party, and most of them, doubting whether the being they saw was not a being of another world, the rather as her dress was unusual, and her countenance remarkably beautiful, were disposed to retreat. George Wilson, though as we have already said only ten years old, and younger than many of his companions, had been too well instructed to experience any idle terrors of ghosts and fairies. Leaving his hesitating companions to their own course, he instantly darted forward in pursuit, and soon overtook the timid and exhausted child.

As he caught her in his arms he endeavoured to soothe her alarm by the kindest looks and words; whether it was the former or the latter, the little stranger soon ceased sobbing; and looking eagerly into his face, suffered him to lead her back to his companions, who had now begun to advance. The sight of so many faces seemed to renew her alarm, but she seemed now to have a perfect confidence in her conductor, and while the rest gathered around her, she clung tenaciously to him. George proud of this mark of confidence, offered to carry her home to her mamma, but to all his offers and enquiries, she made no other reply than by looking anxiously in his face. Much puzzled by her silence, the children made several fruitless attempts to make her understand. Various solutions were proposed for her conduct, some thought that she might be of a French family, which was said to live within a few miles, and some inarticulate sounds, which she attempted to utter, being entirely unintelligible to the children, were believed to be indubitably French. George Wilson, to whom she still continued to adhere as a protector, notwithstanding the endeavors of the girls to entice her away, declared that he would immediately return to the village with her, and take her to his father's; the rest being too much intent on the anticipated pleasures of the afternoon to accompany him, he proceeded on his humane errand alone. His mother was much surprised to see him return so soon, and so strangely accompanied. On hearing the story, she highly praised the manly conduct of her son, and promised to take care of the interesting child till she could ascertain to whom she belonged. As she really found it impossible to make the child understand her, and as there actually was a French family within two or three miles, she considered it very probable that the little girl belonged to this family, and had strayed away and lost herself, as often happens to children. When your father, George, said she comes home, he will ride there, and inform them; in the mean time you may go back and pick your strawberries.—A piece of cake and a toy, reconciled the little stranger to her new protector, and George set off to rejoin his companions, with that lightness of heart which ever attends the consciousness of doing well.

George Wilson was an only child, his parents were pious, intelligent, and though by no means wealthy, yet independent and highly respected. His mother in particular was a woman of very superior mind. Under her watchful and enlightened care her son grew up, a model of useful excellence; possessed of naturally quick parts, his acquirements were beyond his years; his naturally warm and impetuous feelings had been carefully directed to the side of honor and generosity; and the bright promise which he gave of talents and virtue, and future eminence, daily gladdened the hearts of his parents.

Mr. Wilson arrived late in the evening, and his son immediately assailed him with an account of his adventure, and entreated him to ride to Monsieur Dupin's. His father being much fatigued, and not wishing to go that evening, directed him to call one of their neighbors who had lived some time in the French family. The neighbor soon arrived, and at once ascertained that the child did not belong to them. To this George objected that she spoke French.

The neighbor who professed to some smattering of French, accordingly addressed the child in that language, but finding it impossible to make her understand, he declared that the girl was dumb and deaf too.

This George rejected indignantly, and seemed inclined to ascribe the assertion to anger at the child's dispising her pretensions to an accomplishment of which she was very vain. His parents, however, who had already a suspicion of the truth, immediately adopted the opinion of their neighbor, and by various experiments, soon convinced him of its correctness.

The next day Mr. Wilson made diligent inquiries, which were continued some time, without gaining any intelligence of the child's friends. An advertisement was also inserted in the newspapers, mentioning, among other circumstances, that she had a remarkable scar behind her right ear. All they could learn, however, was that a person had been seen in a riding chair, accompanied by a child, driving towards the place where she was found; and it soon became the general opinion that she had been intentionally abandoned. In the mean time, the little foundling, by her beauty and helpless condition, no less than by the native goodness of heart she discovered, and the signs of intelligence she displayed, which seemed extraordinary in one of her years and misfortune, twined herself more and more around the heart of the whole family, till the old people became indifferent to, and George absolutely fearful of, the success of their enquiries.

Some weeks having elapsed, without bringing them any intelligence of the child's friends, Mrs. Wilson declared her intention to adopt her as her own daughter, and give her the name of Mary, after an early and unfortunate friend, whom, she said, the child strongly resembled. From that time, the little deaf and dumb girl, became a cherished, and a happy, yea, a happy, member of the family. Whenever George was not at school, they were inseparable companions, and when he returned, she would endeavor to inform him of all that had passed in his absence. As her signs were sure of being kindly and patiently attended to, they daily became more expressive; and George and herself soon acquired a degree of mutual intelligence which often afforded matter of deep wonderment to the gossip of the village. Sometimes she would endeavor to relate something that happened before he found her in the strawberry field, she would point to her adopted mother, and then to a chest, and would close her eyes, and incline her head, and cover her face with a white handkerchief. This seemed to be a scene which had made a strong and durable impression on her memory. At other times she would point to the scar behind her ear, and would intiate that she had been overrun in the road, by a carriage, of which she seemed to have such an instinctive dread, that she never ventured in the road alone without looking carefully around her.

From this circumstance Mrs. Wilson imbibed an opinion that she had lost her hearing by such an accident, and this suspicion was strengthened by observing that whenever her feelings were strongly excited, she would utter sounds that strongly resembled words; and she thought she could distinguish the word mother, among others.

We will now take our readers by a short cut, to a point of time, eight years removed from that at which we set out. We will introduce them to Mr. Wilson's parlor, on a winter evening. A noble looking youth, of eighteen, was reading the newspaper to a lady who seemed to be his mother. As he read, his mother glanced with an air of apprehension, to a beautiful and dark haired girl of fourteen, who was knitting, yet at that moment intently watching the countenances, both of the reader and listener. She caught the glance, and as George raised his eyes from the paper, he met the earnestly inquiring eyes of Mary, and the glow on his cheek deepened. With a look and gesture of irresistible entreaty, Mary applied for an explanation. George extended his arm towards the east, and seemed as if pointing to a distant place, then pointing to himself, he described with his finger, the tie of her bonnet, and placing his finger alternately on his ear and his lips, he finally joined his hands together. Mary quickly put her hand to her head with the motion of putting on a hat, and with an enquiring look, also placed her fingers on her lips. George shook his head, and moved his lips as if speaking. Mary looked down upon her work, but her color deepened, and her bosom heaved. Mrs. Wilson seemed to observe the couple with increased anxiety and inquietude.

The communications which we have occupied some minutes in describing, passed in less than as many seconds. If after all our pains,

the reader is so dull as not to know what passed on the occasion we pity him, and advise him to reflect what kind of beings wear bonnets, and what is meant by joining hands (and hearts); and if he cannot then understand, we shall set him down as incapable of comprehending, or relishing, our story.

The next day, Mrs. Wilson took an opportunity of seriously proposing to her husband, that they should procure for Mary the benefits of the State laws, which humanely provide for the education of the indigent deaf and dumb. Mr. Wilson was easily persuaded and promised to exert himself for that purpose; but George, when apprised of the scheme, warmly opposed it. He could teach Mary himself he said, and in fact he had already taught her many words. An incident, however, happened, which by changing his situation and prospects, changed in a great measure the current of his thoughts. His mother's only brother who had been for many years engaged in commercial pursuits abroad, during which time she had scarcely ever heard of him, unexpectedly returned with considerable wealth and having lost his wife and children in a foreign climate, he declared his determination to adopt his nephew, and give him a collegiate education. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of course, most gladly embraced the offer, which seemed almost to realize all their dreams of their son's future career, which, however, they were not destined to see further fulfilled; so often are we called away from this world, when our cup of joy seems fullest.—Before George departed for College, he was enjoined the task of reconciling Mary to her own removal to an Asylum, which George himself now warmly advocated, though to his surprise, his mother seemed to have lost her zeal in the cause. The necessary steps, however, had been taken, and there could be no reasonable excuse assigned to justify delay.

To reconcile Mary to the step, was indeed a difficult task, and probably none but George would have been able to effect it. What arguments he used we cannot say, but they were, at least, powerful enough, to succeed. Dear minutes have hearts as well as others, and perhaps George informed her that the young lady whose marriage he read of in the newspaper, had been educated at a deaf and dumb Asylum, certain it is that, when she found George was leaving home, she became willing and almost anxious to go too.

The day of parting arrived, and George took leave of his friends, parents, and Mary, and left his home with some regret indeed, but with high hopes, and bright anticipations. Perhaps he experienced the most regret at parting with Mary. Even accustomed to give way to the uncheck'd current of her feelings, she now wept in uncontrollable affliction. The motives which could induce George to leave her, she could not comprehend, and in vain endeavored to explain them. The grave and anxious faces of the family, as the hour of parting drew near, naturally impressed her with the idea of misfortune impending; and her vision into futurity was far too limited to look beyond present afflictions, or to consider it as the means of future happiness. The only idea she could form of George's employment at College, was that he was going to spend his time chiefly in looking over books. She had often seen him reading with an intensity of interest that made even her conversation an interruption. On such occasions she would watch the changes of his countenance, as he hung over his book, and weep in the full bitterness of feeling to find herself incapable of sharing what seemed to be his dearest enjoyment. Not perhaps, at any other time, did the consciousness of her deprivation seem much to alloy her happiness. With the young companions of her childhood, she was always an object of interest, and was invariably treated with kindness. She joined in their sports, and was generally preferred to a distinguished place.—Her misfortune, joined to her sweetest of temper, her personal charms, and that quickness of intellect, which, when coupled with her misfortune, always excites surprise in common minds, rendered her universally an object of pity and admiration. She was often, indeed a spectator of pleasure she could not comprehend, and mirth she could not share, but then she could always turn to her adopted brother, with the feelings of a wild bird, flying from the company of those of other species, to a mate of its own kind. But when that adopted brother too, devoted himself to pleasures which she could not share or comprehend, she seemed to feel the full extent of her misfortune. It was this feeling which George availed himself of to reconcile her to her own banishment from home. How another could teach her better than George, she could not comprehend, but George assured her that it was so.—Perhaps he informed her that the mate whose marriage he read of, had been so taught. At any rate George himself was leaving home for instruction, and it almost seemed to associate them, to suppose that she should leave home too, for the same purpose, though in a different direction.—Though George did not succeed in explaining to her the motive of their separation, he at least succeeded, in assuring her that they should meet again. Per-

haps his looks and gestures spoke another promise to her heart, but as George himself would have been puzzled to reduce it to words, we shall not attempt it; of its nature the reader may judge by the fact, that it seemed to reconcile Mary to the idea of going among strangers, from which at another time, she would have recoiled, with the instinctive timidity of a fawn or wild bird. At parting, George gave her a beautiful pocket testament, with a red cover, which she had often admired, assuring her that she would one day be able to read it. One day in May a respectable elderly couple, accompanied by a beautiful girl of fourteen, called at the Asylum at —, and were received by the Principal with his wonted courtesy. He ascertained at a glance the character of the party. The appearance of the elders forbade the idea that they had called merely for the gratification of idle curiosity. And there was an expression of eager and trembling curiosity, the natural effect of mingling hope and fear, in the quick glances with which the girl seemed to study, furtively indeed, the lineaments of his own countenance. Shaking the hands of the old people, he advanced towards her, observing, I suppose you have brought me a new pupil. We have sir, replied our old friend, Mr. Wilson. Mr. P. with his kindest look and manner took Mary's hand, and asked her a few questions in the language of mutes, in which he was deeply skilled, concerning her former employments, and her present feelings; enquired if she could write, and if she was desirous to learn, and assured her of his pleasure to have her among his pupils. The benevolence which beamed in his countenance, seemed in a great measure to remove her fears, and when she found herself enabled at once to hold intelligible intercourse with a stranger, and one too, of an age which she had hitherto deemed unapproachable to her, her heart, which had been fluttering in her bosom like a frightened bird, seemed to rest with a feeling of confidence. By the Matron, whom she was now introduced, she was received with equal kindness; and during the half hour that her adopted parents remained, she continued entirely at her ease. After being conducted by the Matron to view the internal arrangement of the building, and into the school room to witness the progress of the pupils, they took their leave. Then it was that Mary's newly acquired confidence seemed to forsake her, when she saw her old friends departing, and herself left among strange, though kind faces; she sunk on a seat, covered her face with her hands, and wept long and bitterly. The Matron considerably permitted her to give free course to her feelings, but when she became more composed, took her hand and conducted her to the girl's sitting room.—On entering, Mary at first shrank instinctively, and with an additional feeling of desolation, from the group of unknown faces, and the curious eyes which were turned upon her. But it was not long before she became interested in what was passing around her. She saw many girls, nearly of her own age, in groups, evidently engaged in interesting conversation; but she looked in vain for any motion of the lips. Those hidden thoughts which had been wont to pass from mind to mind, in such an invisible manner as to elude all the vigilance of her senses, seemed now to have become visible and palpable. The air was literally swarming with the creations of the mind: events past and future, thoughts, feelings and wishes, seemed floating around her, and that knowledge which she had hitherto sought so eagerly, and often so vainly, now knocked continually for admittance. As the Matron placed her in one of these circles and withdrew, the various groups gradually merged in one, of which she became the centre. A hundred welcomes were given, and a thousand questions asked and answered, till the questions, having gratified their curiosity, separated by degrees, and returned to their several employments, leaving their new associate interested, pleased, tranquil, and almost happy.

We are not going to give a particular account of her progress at school. The instructions of George had not been lost on her; she could write her own name, and the names of most common objects, and many detached words: these advantages aided by a natural quickness of perception, and an ardent thirst for knowledge, rendered her progress unusually rapid, and she soon became a favorite with the teachers.

That she was happy at school, it is hardly necessary to take the trouble to attempt to prove. Who, that has long lived among a people of an unknown language, is not happy when he arrives among a community whose language he understands? Who that has long felt himself painfully inferior in mental acquirements to those around him; who has long hungered and thirsted in vain for knowledge, is not happy when he finds himself brought at once to the gushing springs of science—when the whole world is opened to his vision, and the pages of history unrolled before him? Who that has gazed upon the works of nature, and asked in vain, how these things are; who has seen a whole congregation join in prayer and praise; who has looked upon their faces, beaming with the feelings of devotion, and felt that all this is above his comprehension, would not be happy if the being and attributes of the Creator were revealed to him, if he could himself join understandingly in prayer and praise to him? Such had been and such now was Mary's lot.—Reader, do you think she was happy? Yes she was happy. Only one circumstance brought with it an alloy; she never heard from her early friends, and often keenly felt their neglect, not knowing that those who had brought her to the Asylum, were now no more.

It is surprising that we have never heard from Miss Wilson's friends since she came here, remarked Mrs. P. to her husband, as they sat in their private parlor, after the school was dismissed. 'Though they informed us that she was only an adopted daughter, yet they seemed to feel much affection for her, and interesting as she is, I could not have thought it possible that they should for nearly four years, entirely neglect her.' 'I have been much surprised at it myself,' returned her husband. 'I have several times written to their address, but have received no answer. Miss Wilson's time, as a State pupil, expires in a few weeks, and I often feel considerable anxiety respecting her future fortune.' 'But at all events,' remarked Mrs. P. she will not want friends.' 'She shall not,' replied Mr. P. and continued, 'Her early history seems to be mysterious. I have directed her to write what she could remember of it, which I will read to you.'

To be Continued.

Folly.—There can be no greater folly in man, than by much labor to increase his goods, and with vain pleasures to lose his soul.—Gregory.

## FLAGG, GOULD &amp; NEWMAN,

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HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

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Winer's Greek Grammar of the New Testament.

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